

The
Frances Shimer
Record

December, 1917

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago

The Frances Shimer Record

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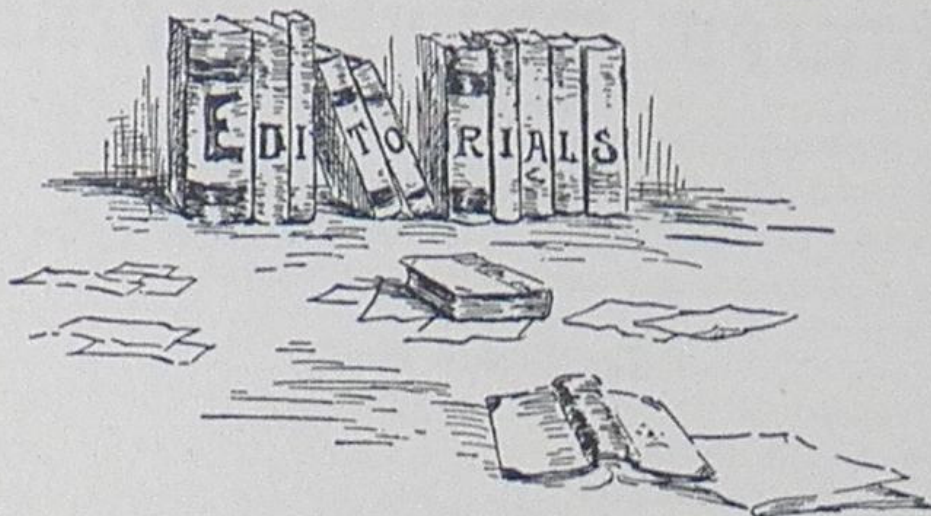
A Christmas Reminder

The *Record* needs your help. Why not put your subscription ahead? We have not increased the price—\$1.00 a year including membership in the Alumnae Association; 50 cents a year for the *Record* alone. If you find a blue-pencil check at this paragraph, it means that we shall be

obliged, very reluctantly, to discontinue your subscription unless we get a remittance before the next issue.

Do it now!

And in remitting be sure to write at least a few lines for the "Scattered Family" concerning yourself and other former pupils.



Greater Spirit

It is the spirit with which an enterprise is entered upon that counts. No one can deny the fact that the person who works with spirit is the one who wins. Similarly the school which encourages and fosters school spirit is the one whose dormitories are always filled. Frances Shimer, which we think is the best school of its kind, ought to develop more spirit. More school songs ought to be written and sung; more interest should be taken in athletics, for there is nothing that develops interest in your own school as well as cheering for your team in a game of basketball with outsiders. Let us boost for Frances Shimer wherever we are. While in school, by our manners, by our interest in our work, and by our attitude toward our fellow-students let us do all we can to create an atmosphere peculiar to Frances Shimer, and one which will be felt by outsiders, making them want to be Frances Shimerites.

Card of Thanks

We, the members of the staff of the *Frances Shimer Record*, wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to all of those who so kindly aided us by their willingness to assist during our late struggle in getting ready the material for this issue of the *Record*.

Stand by It

"We are going to sew for the Red Cross every Monday afternoon—perhaps not every Monday, but at least once in two weeks."

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We went once, twice, and then—"Well, let someone else go this time!"

After that we almost forgot about this Monday meeting until we received a reminder in house meeting. That afternoon we all went, but by the next Monday we had lost interest. "It is so tiresome to sit all afternoon basting, stitching, making buttonholes!" or else, "I'm not interested any more; can't we do something else?"

Can we not keep interest in something we started because we thought it a good way to help in our share of war work? We don't want to give up as easily as that, do we? What would happen if the Red Cross nurses tired of their work after they had been in France a few weeks and the novelty had worn off?

We are still carrying our knitting-bags. Don't they contain too much pink and blue yarn instead of khaki and gray? The soldiers haven't tired of sweaters and helmets.

We intended to give up spreads, trips down town and to "Katie's," make less candy, eat less sugar and butter. Are we giving them up? We were very enthusiastic just after Mrs. Ray's talk, but we have tired of the novelty of economy. Moreover, it isn't entirely a matter of cups of sugar and pats of butter, but also whether we can stand by our resolutions to help in women's share of the war.

How do we stand by all that we start? We have too much of a tendency to drop or do only half-heartedly the things that it takes more than a week to accomplish. We find it tiresome practicing plays that require a great deal of time, even though we may have been enthusiastic at first. After the mid-semester grades we firmly resolve to "do our best" and be on the first honor roll. Let's see how well we can stand by in this case. It will take work and continual prodding of ourselves, but won't we feel glad at the end of the semester to know that we have done our best and kept our promises to ourselves? If we have decided to read one good book a month, let's do it. If we have decided to go to Y.W.C.A. every week, let's go. If the resolution is to wear coats on cold days, let's wear them. You know if we intend to drive ambulances, care for wounded soldiers, and manage field kitchens we shall have to stand by to the end.

The Girl at the Machine

ISABEL VALENTINE, Academy '18

From eight in the morning till six at night,
With an hour for lunch at noon,
Her fingers dance o'er the keyboard white
To a sharp, staccato tune.

And her jaws keep time in a sort of rhyme,
 And she smiles an absent smile,
 For she has a date at half-past eight
 With a "gen'lmun fren'" of style.
 So its clickety clack, pull the carriage back;
 "C'rect time," and "Central, please."
 "Five-fifty-five, lan' sakes alive!"
 And she's gone like a flying breeze.

A Memorable Evening at the Movies

BESSIE LIVINGSTON, College '19

The coming event did not cast its shadow before. I was seated in the Paramount Theater waiting to see Jack Barrymore in *Are You a Mason?* I sat in that state of inertia peculiar to those who are awaiting the final arrivals and expecting to endure the advertisements of motor cycles, political candidates, and what not before the real business of the evening. On the whole I was favorably disposed toward the play. The pictures outside in the lobby promised well. But I had no idea that I should have the play stamped on my memory as it is.

Just a word as to the theater. It was the newest, consequently the most expensive, in town. The seating arrangement differed from that of all the other theaters in town; the audience entered at the right and left of the screen itself. Those coming in directly faced those already seated. At first this innovation was criticized; some people even objected to it. But finally it became accepted as a matter of course. Why, such an arrangement even had its advantages when one came to think of it. An early arrival meant the leisurely inspection of others filing in.

Merely to show you that I had no premonitions, I shall tell you my inmost thoughts on this occasion. I knew nearly everyone coming in. His past, his relatives inherited and acquired, metaphorically entered with him. I idly checked off familiar faces in somewhat the following fashion:

"There's S. W. Allen. Wonder where his son-in-law is?" (S. W., as he is called, is seventy years old and the active head of a large wholesale grocery establishment. He is a plump little man who reminds me of a fat, bright-eyed robin. His son-in-law, a handsome ne'er-do-well, had just disappeared after a final round of drinks at all his favorite haunts.) "Why doesn't that Elliott girl wear something besides pink?" "There are Frank Ryan and Fay Wilson. Do you suppose they'll ever be

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married?" (Frank is dark and handsome as a movie actor. The *Dramatic Mirror* is usually lying in one corner of his cage at the First National Bank. Frank is fond of silk shirts and similar conceits of the masculine flesh. Fay is rich. He has only his salary.) "There's Doc Forster. Did I ever in my life come here that I didn't see him?" (Doc's standing in the community was originally that of widower, but lately that of bridegroom, and then all too swiftly that of a defendant in a divorce suit. He had revived a romance of his college days at Cornell, a quarter of a century ago. The lady had turned quite peppery since the good old times at Ithaca.)

And now enter the principals of my little drama. I merely glanced at them. They were Jordan Goldstein and Max Nieberger, the "Abe" and "Mawruss" of every Jewish story told in town. Jordan was a money-lender; Max owned a clothing store. Jordan was thin and gaunt, Max short and heavy. Both were bald and nearing their sixties. They were really highly respected among the business men. My attention had already wandered to someone else when the lights went out. The crowd was in. Only a single seat here and there remained. As luck would have it, no one sat in a seat beside me nor in a seat in the middle of the row in front. Jordan and Max had halted in the aisle. Max chose the seat in front and motioned Jordan to the seat beside me. As Jordan sat down, I noticed that he carried a large, heavy ledger which he balanced carefully on his knees after he had seated himself.

All went well until the subtitle of the first scene flashed upon the screen. Jordan had merged into the rest of the crowd during the showing of the advertisements. Then the play! Shall I ever forget it? Scene for scene, sub-title for subtitle, it is graven on my memory. Briefly, the story was about a young married man and his lively old father-in-law, who (unknown to each other) have both been pretending to be Masons in order to get out with the boys. Their frantic wigwagging in each other's presence to show a convincing familiarity with Masonic passwords and grips was most amusing.

At the flickering of the first subtitle, Jordan confided to me in a stage whisper that he had left his glasses at home. Next came the information that he was nearsighted and could not read the subtitles. There followed a request to read what it said, this last in a louder, more insistent whisper.

What was I going to do? I loathe interpreters at a movie and hold that all those afflicted with the explanation fever should attend a special performance. I believe others agree with me in this and become thoroughly disgusted with that mortal who painstakingly reads each title

aloud and conscientiously registers his every impression. Never had I dreamed of myself in the character of public pest, but through Jordan such I became. Can I ever through the long years live it down?

I tried everything that occurred to me as a means of evasion. I pretended I did not hear. We are told that Masons do not repeat; evidently Jordan was not a Mason. He again demanded what it said and in twisting about in his seat to compel my attention he dropped his ledger on my toes. I should have infinitely preferred the more conservative and time-honored method of conferring titles; namely, a touch on the shoulder with the weapon in question. Unabashed, Jordan begged my pardon and restored his ledger. Fearing further calamities, I sank my voice into tones which I fondly hoped would not carry beyond our own row and told him "what it said."

"I can't hear," objected Jordan. "What did it say? Who is a Mason?"

I tried to ignore him. Max turned a fiery glare upon his friend. Doubtless my freezing scorn and Max's withering heat met and neutralized. Here let me state that all minor afflictions have their compensations. Being nearsighted, Jordan could not be expected to notice the dagger glances bestowed upon him from right and left, front and rear.

I fell back on the hope that Jordan would yield to public sentiment and subside. A vain hope, that. Question followed question. If I answered one, I did get a few seconds to breathe before he thought of another. I hated Jordan. I hated Max for bringing him, although I believe that Max suffered too. He turned around again and again to see if looks could kill.

"Is *he* a Mason?" inquired Jordan, as childlike and bland as the heathen Chinese. He meant Jack Barrymore, but it sounded as if he meant Max. Max turned around no more.

I answered among other questions the following, because when Jordan saw that my spirit was broken he demanded explanations of the scenes as well as the subtitles: "Is he drunk?" "Is that his house?" "Well, then, whose house?" "He fell down, didn't he?" "Well, boys will drink." "Was that his wife?" "What did the letter say?" "Which is Jack Barrymore?"

When the lights flared up, Jordan thanked me and told me again about his glasses. With murder in my heart I begged him not to mention it.

Viewed from the distance the incident has its humorous aspects, but it took time to remove the sting of that hateful evening.

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Campus Snapshots

Between Classes

VERA NAIDEN, Academy '18

The bell rang, and with a scuffling of feet and scraping of chairs the class was out of the room. In half a minute the girls who but a moment before had been deep in thought, were nearly across the campus. Arm in arm, or in groups of four or five with arms about each other's waists, they went gaily to their halls, chattering three at a time, caring little whether or not their words were listened to. What they said was of no importance to them; they merely loved living and sunshine and friends. A green sweater here, a red one there, the teacher on crutches, the girl with the bandaged eye, and the forlorn brown dog all showed to the observer as varied a panorama as one can expect to find anywhere—save where the sober darkness of trousers sets off the brilliancy of gay gowns.

A Lone Spot

FAITH GRIFFITH, Academy '19

It is beneath the boughs of a certain big pine tree, on the north end of our campus. And such a lovely little secluded place to spend Sunday afternoons, or to meditate in! I have never seen other girls in this place, so that I can't help feeling a little proprietorship over it. The wonderful pine branches droop all around this one verdant spot, forming a cavelike structure. These branches, weighted by their own hugeness, touch the ground, thus making a shaded wall between me and the outside. The beauty of this wall is that I may see through to all that is of interest on the outside, but I cannot be seen by others. Yes, this lone spot is my favorite of all favorites at Frances Shimer.

Shine, Sir?

MARIAN RICHEY, Academy '19

A girl walked briskly across the campus with a shoe-shining box 'neath her arm. Seeing a group of girls on West Hall steps she hurried over there.

"Oh, girls!" I heard her call, "I'm shining shoes this afternoon. Ten cents a shine! Who wants one? It's for the Red Cross. Come on now, be sports!"

A minute later she was on her knees before the girls, diligently shining their shoes. When she had finished she pocketed the money and marched off to find more work to do.

Monday's Laundry

VIVIAN KIER, Academy '18

From the bench in the laundry which is in the basement of Science Hall I saw, one Monday, two pairs of high-heeled, and one pair of low-heeled, shoes and a heelless pair of tennis slippers. Just above these I saw four pairs of ankles covered with four pairs of hose. Above these ankles I saw the hems of four aprons, four belts, and occasionally four backs and necks; on a level with the belts were the backs and sides of four tubs. From the cavity of the tubs soapsuds and elbows shot forth excitedly, and muffled sounds reached my ear. Then the heels were raised from the floor and then began a see-sawing motion which brought the backs of the aprons into full view for a moment, then suddenly dropped them into the abyss, leaving the heels raised. At length four dripping heads emerged, were wrapped in four huge towels, and four figures left the laundry.

The Tulip Bed

GENEVIEVE JEFFREY, College '19

Next spring, sometime in April, if tulips bloom in April, I am planning to go to the infirmary for a day or so and occupy one of the beds in the large room. I shall insist on the bed next to the window, because right outside there will be a large, round bed of gorgeous red and white tulips. A thousand tulips!

Our Bit

HELENE HOLLOWAY, College '19

We, the girls of F.S.S., had known that our country was at war, fighting for democracy, but we seemed so far from the fray that we continued on our happy-go-lucky way with little thought of the existence of a world-crisis. Of course we knew that our brothers, cousins, and sweethearts were leaving home for training camps, and that they soon were to go abroad, but it all seemed so unreal, so far distant from us in the seclusion of Mount Carroll. What had we to do with this war anyway?

Mrs. Kate Wood Ray (a member of the Woman's Committee of the National Council of Defense) came as an answer to our question. She spoke so convincingly to us that we felt like slackers. She made us feel that this is our war as well as our brothers', and that we must help to fight our battle. Her words went straight to the hearts of all the girls,

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and instead of leading a comparatively aimless existence we are all trying to do our bit.

We are everlastingly knitting, for our soldiers must be kept warm. We knit too constantly, in fact, for we have had to be restrained from working busily when our attention was required in vespers, chapel, or classes.

In previous years eating has been one of the main joys of our school life: spreads, luncheon sat "Katie's," sundaes at "Charlie's," were frequent occurrences, and some rooms were veritable grocery stores, they contained such a supply of food. But now a great deal of this is done away with. We think longingly of "Katie's" waffles and fried chicken, but though the temptation is great the thought of the sacrifices our boys are undergoing helps us to control our appetites, and "Katie's" has been deserted for over six weeks. We seldom go to town either, for there the temptation is too great. What is so dear to a girl's heart as sweets? And the sight of "Charlie's" sundaes and our favorite "Marthas" is such a temptation that it is best to stay at a safe distance from their charms.

You would imagine from the girls' talk that they are becoming wan and thin, but no decided change can be seen in their appearance. Perhaps our "diet book" explains their failure to starve. You see, when we decided to conserve on the eatables needed by the soldiers several girls decided to have a diet book. They cut from magazines advertisements of the most tempting-looking dishes they could find and pasted them in a book; breakfast dishes first, then luncheon dishes, then dinner dishes of steaming potatoes, salad, and fried chicken. Now when our hunger is *too* great our diet book helps us out till meal time.

We were asked to raise money for the "Friendship Fund," and in raising this money we were to *sacrifice*, not merely ask "Dad" for a check. In response to this request the school gave \$561.25, the greater part of which means the sacrificing of "eats," long-desired memory books, pennants, and such seemingly trivial things, which nevertheless go to make a girls' school days the most pleasant of all her life.

Of course a *few* of us are aiding the Red Cross. Though we are not expert seamstresses, on Monday afternoons we go to Science Hall, where after many trials and tribulations we manage to produce fairly respectable garments which go to clothe some poor little children who have so few of even the barest necessities of life.

Have you heard of the contest held by the college girls to raise money for the Red Cross? Chairmen were appointed, one for each floor of the hall. An original miss from the upper floor made clever

posters which were placed about the halls. One near the stairs on the lower floor read:

THE UPPER FLOOR CAN RAISE
More MONEY

BY

SATURDAY AT 12:10

THAN YOU CAN

We will prove it

Saturday came, the hall clock said 12:10; below, in College parlor, the girls were gathered, eagerly talking and excitedly giggling. The upper-floor chairman triumphantly counted out three dollars and some cents. During this procedure the first-floor chairman looked glum and down-hearted. Then she rose and began to count her offering. "One, two, three," etc., she counted until she announced her share as sixteen dollars. Did the would-be victors look downcast? They did.

The little we can do now we are doing with all our will, but it is little in comparison to what we may do in the future when we have finished our preparation and are ready for actual service. When our turn comes to register for government work, as we are soon to do, the girls of F.S.S. will be among the first to do their bit for their country.

Hooverizing

KATHARINE SCOULAR, College '19

Save the waste; control the taste;
Eat corn bread and rye.
Meatless days, wheatless days;
Eat less cream and pie.
For Sammy's sake cut out the cake.
Save food, and win or die.
Keep fighters fit. This is your bit;
That is the reason why.

Catiline Visits Cicero Class

PAULINE TRIPP, Academy '18

The august body of Conscript Sisters sat quiet in the council-room, waiting for the first words of their leader.

Catiline, a little fox terrier, white all over except his two ears which are coal black, came in surreptitiously. No one saw Catiline enter, but when the council was well under way he presented himself to

each member of this most dignified body, displaying his funny little bony shape, twisting it in the most grotesque way, and blinking his pink eyes in a very "right at home" manner, thus causing the attention of the Conscript Sisters to wander. The leader of the senate now addressed the little dog with fiery indignation, saying:

"Egredere aliquandō ex urbe; patent portae; proficiscere." Then in more subdued tones she said, "What is it you await, Catiline, when you perceive the desire of these Conscript Sisters by their silence? For if I had spoken to this most illustrious maid, Betty Been, or this most daring child, Louise Featherstone, as I have spoken to you, they would have departed immediately."

At this Catiline departed, although with great hesitation, and, when the door closed behind him, immediately began to bombard the walls. But the strong walls proved impregnable against Catiline's nefarious and heinous attempts to enter.

A Disaster in the Squirrel Family

PRUDENCE MCKENZIE, Academy '18

It is nearly noon, and Mother Squirrel is preparing dinner. The father of the happy family has not yet returned from the field, and the children are at school only a short distance from home under a huge butter-print plant. How comfortable and cozy their home is, indeed, filled with the most delicious odors; for opening from the kitchen is a spacious storeroom filled with the winter supplies of vegetables and nuts and fruits.

Should Mother Squirrel look out of the window, she would see a group of little boys playing along the creek which runs through the pasture. It is a fine day to fish, but evidently they are catching none or are tired and discouraged, for they are watching the squirrels running about here and there; and finally when they can keep still no longer one shouts to those around the bend, "What sport it would be to make those fellows come out of their holes!" All are truly anxious to try the procedure and straightway begin gathering up their things in earnest, taking the pails, which had been brought to carry home the fish, full of water. They came up the hillside when each of them stood guard at one of the numerous holes.

Unfortunately Mother Squirrel is too busy just at this time and she is oh! so warm and tired. Dinner is nearly ready, and the apple pie is just being taken out of the oven all juicy, with curly meringue on top. How her little Gretchen and Felix will make away with that pie, she thinks—when just then—splash! splash! a gust of wind followed by a

great shower of water fairly sweeps her off her feet. Soon the room, then the whole house from the quaint little parlor to the wee little bedrooms, is all flooded with water, and things float around in confusion, the apple pie and the rest of that carefully prepared dinner included.

Mother Squirrel is just beginning to feel that there will be some chance soon if she can only hang on the chandelier long enough for the water to soak into the walls—you see Mrs. Squirrel has lived to see many such unpleasant pranks—but hardly has the thought entered her head when a second most unmerciful gust of wind and soaking water, which is even wetter, it seems, than the first shower, comes swooping down, and before Mrs. Squirrel realizes the situation she is up at the top of the front stairs. She catches a glimpse of the bright blue streaked with fluffy white above her head, and the next minute all is dark.

“Come quick, Don,” says a high little voice which she knows right well, “I have him, I have him.”

They all come running, and sure enough there is the squirrel all wet and shiny. “We’ll take him home for a pet,” suggests one.

“Good,” says another.

Immediately the father of the family comes through the grass, his sleek little tail twitching vigorously as he observes what is going on; then he is seen to run to the edge of one of the near-by holes. The little boys are so much excited to think that they may be able to catch another that the string that is slipped over the head of Mother Squirrel is jerked away by her wiggling, and she slips down the shiny wet walls and disappears into the hole and is gone. She is so elated over her clever escape that the condition of her disordered house doesn’t bother her a bit, and she begins at once to straighten things about, finishing the dinner, for soon the little squirrels will be home.

Much to her joy the voices from above become fainter and fainter—and, as all good stories end, the Squirrel family lived happily ever after.

What Influenced Their Decision

ACT I

(A well-furnished living-room. Barbara and Marian, two girls of about seventeen, are seated at a table with a pile of school catalogues between them. They are talking animatedly.)

Barbara (tossing a catalogue aside): That won’t do!

Marian: Which one is that?

Barbara: Frances Shimer. Rather a shame, too, as I liked so many things about it. The girls seemed to have such jolly times there. But

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a school without a swimming-pool is absolutely out of the question as far as I am concerned.

Marian: I feel the same way about it, too. It's a school with a swimming-pool or no school for me. But I don't seem to like these other schools that have them. Somehow, something seems to be lacking. Really, Frances Shimer would be ideal if it had a swimming-pool.

Barbara: Do you know, Marian, I don't believe I'll go away at all this year. I'll wait till next and then I'll be better able to decide. Mother said she'd rather I'd wait a year anyway.

Marian: Well, I simply can't go away without you, so we'll wait till next year. Who knows what a year may bring forth?

ACT II

(Same scene a year later.)

Barbara: Well, here we are again. It's exactly a year since we looked over those catalogues and decided to wait.

Marian: And here is a new batch. Now, indeed, we shall find what the year has brought forth.

(They read catalogue after catalogue. Suddenly Barbara gives a cry of surprise.)

Barbara: Why, Marian, what do you think?

Marian: What, Babs? You certainly seem pleased.

Barbara: Well, I am. Frances Shimer has a swimming-pool!

Marian: How wonderful! And do you still want to go there?

Barbara: More than ever now. It always did appeal to me, but I was determined not to go to a school where they did not have a pool.

Marian: Frances Shimer it is then, and three cheers for its new swimming-pool!

News from Other Schools

FLORENCE SCHLIEKER, Academy '18

This is indeed a time of crisis. There is so much to be done that it should not be hard for all of us to find some way of doing our bit. We learn from our exchanges that the different fraternities at Beloit College are thinking of sacrificing their various formal dances, and having only the Pan-Hellenic dance, in this way cutting down their expenses and allowing them to pledge just that much more to the numerous funds that are being used in this great war work. The national Y.M.C.A. has asked

for \$35,000,000 to carry on its work both here and abroad. The *William Woods College Record* tells us that they are trying to get \$1,000 of the \$50,000 that the colleges and universities of Missouri have pledged. Among the various ways in which they are making sacrifices are: Hooverizing with regard to spreads, and doing without swagger sticks and earrings. The Illinois Woman's College, so the *College Greetings* tells us, has already sent ninety-nine comfort bags to the Red Cross headquarters. In the *Orange and Black* we learn that the Elgin College has organized a Red Cross chapter where surgical dressings are made and instructions are given in knitting and in the making of garments. This chapter has already sent one hundred and fifty pairs of socks, abdominal bands, and comfort bags to Company E. They have also been asked to send seven hundred sets of knitted articles to the national association for immediate distribution among our own forces in France and the armies of our Allies. This is surely a fine record. The *Denisonian*, from Granville, Ohio, tells us that there the boys are taking military training.

In the *College Greetings* there is a fine article on "The Y.M.C.A. in War," contributed by the Illinois War Work Council of the Y.M.C.A. It shows the horror of the war plainly, and surely shows us the need for the Red Cross and the great good that it is doing. The *Young Eagle* from St. Clara College at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, has a splendid story, "The Big Perspective." It shows the different feelings that mothers have with regard to the boys leaving home, and what the right influence does for the boys. Several letters have been sent to the *Midway*, of the University High School, from boys now in France, describing their work there and giving their opinions of France. They all seem to like it.

We have also received the following exchanges: *Philippine Presbyterian*, Manila, P.I.; *Silliman Truth*, Dumaguete, P.I.

From Our Special Correspondent

MT. C., ILL., Decem. six

DEARNESS OF EDITRIX:

I now am transcribing to yourself the first words I have written since lastly I writ. Much are wenting on. I feel like gentleman what is called by name "dancing dervish." My brain, such as it is of what, are disturbed by too much to write. Howsomeever I shall attempt scribblins.

There are Senior operatic. Eight Seniorish ladies preform themselves on stage in Metcalf. The play am *Rosebud in Plymouth*. It are money-makers for Liberty Bond.

Thanksgiving are day when this Jap. give thankfult for all that came to her house. I eat big dine and also too see game, sportlike maidens nominates "A basket of balls." It are sustaining. After eat all wait till five bells and then journey northwards to Metcalf where many ladies, cats, and movie star are entertained for publicity. Seven P.M. are from same as joyous dancelike at Hallow-evening. I like both them dance muchly. Hallowed prom are one when people of institution dress like what they ain't and Thanksgiving they dress like what faculty don't like. Japanese geniusness tell me both affairs is "some time."

Well, I are sure glad I'm through of writing this,

Hoping you are the same,

OUAYA KASAIKA

Events

The Hallowe'en Prom

First of all we went to the gym. The clever Juniors had fixed our gym up so that one hardly recognized it. It was eerie and spooky and altogether delightful, and those weird Junior ghosts made one want to run away to the darkest corner and hide. Fantastic costumes of every kind were everywhere, fairies, negroes, Spanish ladies, and even a soldier and Boy Scout were present. After we had been in the gym a few minutes we were led over to College through the basement and at last up to the ballroom where dancing reigned supreme until half-past nine. In a very oriental alcove a fortune-teller held sway; and if you were really, truly anxious to know everything concerning your future you went to the "Lady of Mystery," and from behind her most oriental veil she told you "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." They served delicious "eats" at that Junior prom, and everyone had a most enjoyable evening.

Recital By Julia Claussen

The Frances Shimer School and vicinity were given a rare musical treat in the song recital by Mme. Julia Claussen, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, on November 13. Madame Claussen gave a program made up of classics for the most part, a generous one vocally, and one offering a fine opportunity to hear her as an expositor, in which field she is a recognized artist.

The program consisted of a group of four French songs by Lully, Chausson, and Faure, "Fleure jetée" by the latter being a piece of florid singing that drew enthusiastic applause from the audience. She

responded with an encore. A group of German *Lieder* and Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura" were sung with a beautiful smoothness and richness of tone. An aria, "Ah, Mon Fils," from Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, showed the wide range of Madame Claussen's voice. Then followed a group of her native Swedish songs, and an encore, "The Open Secret," and the program ended with five English songs and the encore, "My Love is a Muleteer." Especially beautiful among these were Gounod's "It Is Not Always May" and "A Legend" by Tschaiowsky sung with moving pathos.

Madame Claussen is an authoritative artist, and one whom we have heard with great pleasure and profit. It is a matter of regret that the date was necessarily changed, possibly accounting for the small outside attendance, forty-six. An opportunity to hear the best music by an artist of national reputation cannot be offered by the School often.

The Senior Play

The thrills and yet the simplicity of the life at Plymouth in 1620 were brought to us Saturday night, November 24, when the Seniors of F.S.S. played "A Rose o' Plymouth-Town." The home of Miles Standish served as the center of action. Rachel Sturgeon, wearing the costume of a Puritan captain, acted well the part of Miles Standish, bringing out clearly his bravery as the captain of the colonies; his quiet, plucky little wife, Barbara, was so well presented by Prudence McKenzie that we would almost imagine her as the real Puritan woman. Mary Erety Suggs played the rôle of Rose de la Noye very naturally and attractively. She pleaded and schemed for the life of her outlaw lover, Garret Foster, a difficult part cleverly taken by Frances Sutter. Vera Naiden, taking the part of the bashful Philippe, proved to be a timid but persistent lover to whose pleadings the coy Miriam, Pauline Tripp, was forced to yield. The changes of facial expression with which Vera played her part are to be commended particularly. The old aunt of Captain Standish, who had come over to America to find amusement and variety in life, was well played by Ann Brown. When Alma Fenske appeared as John Margeson, garbed in armor of which the fierce-looking helmet was the most pronounced part, the audience burst into hearty applause, not the less real because they laughed at Alma's martial appearance.

The lines were not perfectly memorized, but this fact was easily overlooked when the exceptionally fine acting of these young amateurs was considered. The two stage settings, a Puritan kitchen, and the dooryard on an October afternoon, were charming; and very effective

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costumes added to the realistic and attractive impression. The Seniors and their counselor, Miss Bragg, are to be highly complimented on the skill with which they surmounted the many difficulties with which one has to deal when giving a play. The standard which they have set for the plays of the year is a good one.

Vesper Services

October 28.—Miss Richey first gave a talk on Mme. Julia Claussen, and afterward the Glee Club led the school in the singing of hymns.

November 4.—Mr. McKee spoke on "Motives for Living."

November 11.—Mr. Frederick Melvin, of Camp Grant, spoke on the work of the Y.M.C.A. in training camps.

November 18.—Miss Smith read a story by Ian Maclaren.

November 25.—Mr. McKee gave a Thanksgiving talk on "Gratitude for Disagreeable Things."

December 2.—Dr. Bräunlich spoke, making a comparison of boarding school and a training camp.



Thanksgiving Day

Basket-Ball

On Thanksgiving morning at nine o'clock a very exciting basket-ball game took place between the teams of College and Hathaway halls. The game was very close and hard fought, of breathless interest from start to finish. The team work on both sides was amazingly good and sure. For such an exciting game there was little bungling and comparatively few fouls were called. The forwards on the Hathaway side played excellently. We must commend also the forwards and the team work of College Hall, but there is no doubt that the girls of Hathaway were more sure of themselves, and that the attitude of that team was more composed throughout the entire game. The final score was twenty-eight to twenty-two in favor of Hathaway. It was agreed by all present that the sides were very equally matched, and that the game was fairly won.

	HATHAWAY	COLLEGE
Center.....	Pauline Fitzgerald.....	Molly Womack
Side Center...	Marion Richey.....	Katharine Scoular
Forward.....	{ Vera Naiden (captain) ..	Irene Gunther
	{ Betty Huling.....	Esther Williams (captain)
Guard.....	{ Willeda Baker.....	Eleanor Currie
	{ Faith Griffith.....	Frances Stewart

Chapel Service

At a quarter past twelve we gathered in the chapel. After a preliminary service of songs and prayer, Dean McKee read parts of the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation, explaining it and commenting upon it. He showed us that while some conditions for which the nation

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ordinarily gives thanks are not present with us today, there are yet things for which we may feel thankful. There were in the service two beautiful musical numbers: a solo, "Still, Still with Thee," by Miss Richey, and an arrangement of the Twenty-Third Psalm, by the Glee Club.

The Thanksgiving Dinner

It was nearly a quarter after one, and the first-floor corridor of West Hall was filled with throngs of happy, excited girls. We were all talking at once, but though the noise was almost deafening I could occasionally hear above this babble of one hundred voices, "Where's our class counselor?" or "Is this the Freshman line?" All at once, by some general impulse, the talking lessened, and one by one the classes moved into the dining-room. Each class had its own table with its counselor at one end and its president at the other. After we had all found our places we sang the doxology and then, with great shuffling of chairs, we seated ourselves. The tables were prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and yellow shaded candles. The drawn shades and the lights gave the room an unusually festive appearance. What a dinner that was! I won't tell you the menu because it would make you jealous even to listen to it, and jealousy is an evil thing and not to be cultivated. Nevertheless we did have a dinner, and a four-course one at that. During the salad course the College Sophomores began the toasting, and from then until the end of the meal our delicacies were flavored in this manner. This is what they sang. It was to the tune of "Till the Clouds Roll By."

We're the class of 1918,
We're the college Sophomores;
We help the teachers prepare their lessons,
And at night we lock the doors.
We serve at every table
And correct the manners there.
We help Willie with his speeches,
We make Morry tear her hair.
We help Miss Darrow with the menu;
We show Mary how to cook.
We help Georgie write his sermons;
Oh, our deeds would fill a book.

That started the ball rolling. Every class made ready to sing its toasts whenever it might be able to get a word in edgewise. Of course we complimented our sister classes and slammed our rivals. The

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Academy Sophomores sang their "Knock" at the Juniors to the tune "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?"

Oh, why do you act so smart and stuck up for,
When you know we know you're off?

You make us sick,
You are such sticks.

You always try to pull off such terribly silly tricks.
So why do you act so smart and stuck up for?
You get caught in your own crazy traps.

But never mind,
We'll get you alone sometime,
And then you'll surely find
You're dealing with something fine.
So why do you act so smart and stuck up for,
When you know you are such *prunes*?

But the Juniors were not discouraged by this awful slam. They sang back in clear voices this little song to the tune "Mr. Noah."

Oh, the Sophomores! Oh, the Sophomores!
Oh how did they get into the school?
For they don't take nuts as a general rule.

Tra la lu—tra la lu
Tra la—tra la
Tra la lu—tra la lu ia

The College Sophomores toasted Miss Sellers to the tune "She Told Me So."

Coats I never used to crave
Till I heard Miss Sellers rave,
In those lectures that she gave
On how to keep warm.
Now I dote on capsicum,
Wear a mitten on my thumb.
How in the deuce did you learn that?
She taught me how.

This is the toast that the College Freshmen gave to Miss Morrison. The tune was "Naughty, Naughty."

Here's to our Morry!
Always so good to us,
Always so good to us.
She's the best one in the land,
Holds us all right in her hand;
But sometimes when we disobey,
Ah, then it is for us a sad and sorry day,
For she denies us even one kind dance.
Forgive us, Morry, won't you, we pray?

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Toast, then, our dear Morry!
What can we wish for her?
What can we wish for her?
All success and happiness
Which the coming years could bless
And, when we must bid her goodbye,
Ah, then we surely, surely all will cry,
For we adore our dear Miss Morrison.
Our love for her will never die.

Perhaps you think that the little Academy Freshmen had been silent all this time. Indeed they hadn't! Every so often their high voices would ring out with one toast or another. But this was the song that made the other classes sit up and take notice.

We are the b-e-s-t best
Of all the r-e-s-t rest;
For we had the list of honors,
That's the t-e-s-t test.

There were many more toasts, and I wish that I had room to write every one of them here. There were toasts to our fine Dean, to class counselors and class "prexies," to food conservation, to Miss Darrow, and even to Mr. Harper McKee. After we had all "sung ourselves out," the tables called for speeches, which were cleverly given by Dean McKee, Miss Morrison, Mrs. Miles, Mr. Rinewalt, Rev. George Fetter, Mrs. McKee, Mr. Harper McKee, and Miss Smith. Mrs. Miles touched the point nearest to our hearts when she gave this little verse as a conclusion to her interesting toast.

Methought I saw a mighty wave
Break on a sunny shore,
With people sitting all about
Perusing learned lore,
Who straight began to swim and dive,
While ever more and more
The wave increased until it made
An almost deafening roar.
And people came from far and near
To view the landscape o'er—
I looked again and saw it was
The Frances Shimer School,
With all its great big family—
No exception to the rule—
Disporting them like mermaids
In a brand new Swimming-Pool!

When the toasting was over the company disbanded. The Seniors seized their Nebby from the table and took that precious little elephant

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and themselves in all haste from the dining-room. As the more leisurely of the party strolled slowly down the walk from West Hall they beheld a pile of Senior heads at the Hathaway center window and heard this little song to the tune, "Don't You Ever Get Lonely?"

You will never get Nebby;
We will keep him from you.
He's been hidden by some one—
He's kinda cuddled up,
He's kinda huddled up.
You get peevish and fretty,
Just as we used to do.
But you don't seem to even dare
To find our little Nebby's lair.
You will never get Nebby
Until you are Seniors too.

Vaudeville

At five o'clock Thanksgiving afternoon the Freshman College girls gave some vaudeville acts in Metcalf. The first was a group of tableaux representing advertisements—"Cream of Wheat," "Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour," "Underwood's Devilled Ham," and "Old Dutch Cleanser." The second part was a one-act play, *Frank Glynn's Wife*. This was a very clever little comedy which held the attention of the audience from the beginning to the end. Then Esther Williams and Katharine Scoular, dressed as negroes, gave some very clever jokes on different people in the audience. As a second part to their act, the two, dressed as cats, had a little love scene. Next three film stars, Baby Marie Osborne, Charlie Chaplin, and Theda Bara, were presented. As a fitting conclusion the whole class appeared in a jazz band. The girls who had appeared before on the program were dressed in the costumes they had worn in their acts. The other girls were dressed in a startling variety of costumes. The instruments they played were of all sorts—from dish pans to curtain-poles, on which they rendered a piece of their own composition. This was the grand finale of the program.

The Prom

The Thanksgiving Prom, which ended a delightful day, proved a way of saving expenses as well as furnishing a good time for all. As the class colors of the College Freshmen are red, white, and blue, the only decoration was a silk flag in the ballroom. This saved time and money for decorations, which we found not to be a necessity to a good time. The programs, which were in the form of kewpies dressed as Red Cross

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nurses and soldiers, were distributed by two members of the Freshman class; one was dressed as a nurse and gave out the soldier programs, while the other, dressed as a soldier, gave out the nurse programs. These were made by the different girls of the class and therefore were inexpensive. Plenty of punch furnished the refreshment, and a four-piece orchestra provided the music for dancing. All reported a very good time to the members of the Freshman College class.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

In the last ten days of August a Y.W.C.A. Conference was held at Lake Geneva. About two hundred of the schools and colleges of this Middle West section of the country were represented. Frances Shimer was represented by Gertrude Thurston and Prudence McKenzie. The girls had a very delightful time at the conference and came back to school with new inspiration and enthusiasm for the work of the Association this year.

During the fall a Red Cross circle was organized under the direction of the Y.W.C.A. The girls of the school have supported this work by free-will offerings. The work is in charge of Miss Knappenberger, to whom the Association wishes to extend its sincere thanks for the great interest she has taken in the work, and for her untiring efforts to make the circle accomplish something. So far civilian relief work has been done. The first lot of garments was completed at the end of November and donated to the Red Cross auxiliary here in Mount Carroll.

Frances Shimer has pledged \$561.25 to the Student War Fellowship Fund. Thanks are hereby rendered to the entire school and the faculty for the splendid way in which they responded to the appeal of the Y.W.C.A. for a liberal contribution.

The meetings of the Y.W.C.A. on Wednesday evening of each week have been well attended and very interesting and helpful. The following is a list of the leaders with their subjects:

Pearl Mitchell, "Student Honor"

Eleanor Currie, "Friendship"

Charlotte Gower, "A Budget of Time"

Dorothea Miller, "Achievement"

Charlotte Denny, "Schoolgirl Ideals"

Faith Griffith, "The Student and the Church"

On November 9, instead of the regular Sunday evening vesper service which was to have been in charge of the Y.W.C.A., Mr. Melvin, of the Y.M.C.A. Corps at Camp Grant, addressed a meeting at four o'clock. Mr. Melvin came with a plea for the Y.M.C.A. work which is

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being carried on in the army cantonments both here and abroad. At present the Y.M.C.A. is engaged in a campaign to raise \$35,000,000.

According to the custom of seven years' standing the Association will give a Christmas party on the last Monday before vacation. The purpose of the party is to preserve some of the pretty Christmas customs of olden times. There will be the burning of the yule log, the lighting of the Christmas candles, the hanging of the holly and mistletoe, and the burning of the Christmas fagots. There will be the mummers of Old English custom to sing the familiar Christmas carols.

The last Y.W.C.A. meeting before vacation will be held in the chapel. A series of tableaux will be presented with appropriate readings and music to accompany them. This promises to be an enjoyable meeting and will help to bring home to us the beauty of the Christmas spirit.

Many plans are being made for the work of the Y.W.C.A. for the new year. It is hoped that the membership may be greatly increased after the Christmas vacation.

Class Notes

Freshman Academy

Miss Faith Reichelt won a beautiful silver loving-cup in a canning contest. The contest, conducted in her home town this summer, was for preserving fruit and vegetables. Faith had fifty-seven lovely cans of fruit, and as the prize was awarded for the most and best-looking cans of fruit Faith easily carried off the prize. The cup, with her name on it, is the pride of West Hall.

Sophomore Academy

The Sophomores are working hard on their plays, which are to be presented on December 8. Every "Soph" has that haunted look which tells of a play soon to be produced, and Miss Bräunlich is flying busily back and forth between Hathaway and Metcalf. We all feel that we may look forward to and enjoy the Sophomore plays.

Senior Academy

Oh! how we worked! Though there were only eight of us in the play, the whole class worked on costumes, stage scenery, and all the hundred and one other things needed to produce a play. The beautiful trees and bushes in the forest scene were supplied by Miss Smith, Betty Huling, Leona Pierson, and Dorothy Woodson, who scoured the banks of the Waukarusha for them. Gertrude Thurston, Leona Pierson,

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and Florence Schlieker manufactured those fetching Puritan costumes that "Aunt Resolute," "Miriam," "Barbara," and "Rose" wore. Alma Fenske's helmet came from Fritz Schultze in Chicago. Other details may be obtained from our "business manager," Florence Schlieker.

After the play was over Miss Bragg entertained the class in College Hall. Such good "eats" as those were! Sandwiches, chocolate, and chocolate frosted cakes that melted in your mouth. The Seniors *know* that they have the very finest counselor that could be found anywhere.

Freshman College

Freshman college girls held a class meeting the latter part of October at which they decided that they were going to make a true "war spirit" prevail in all their festivities for the coming year; that, although they could still have just as much fun, every unnecessary expense should be done away with in order that more money might be given to help the various war-relief movements. Thanksgiving day offered them their first opportunity to economize.

The committee to write the toasts for the Thanksgiving dinner was composed of Mary Fishburn, Katharine Scouler, and Marion LeBron. After the songs were written the question arose as to where they should be practiced. The first idea was to go to "Katie's" for dinner and practice them there, but the girls were mindful of their new object and decided to practice them in Science Hall.

The "stunt" committee, Helene Holloway, Hazel Kellogg, Esther Williams, and Iola Runyon, had a difficult problem. They worked with one end in view and they modestly say that if their little vaudeville "took" it was all due to the ingenuity of the girls, because there was nothing elaborate or expensive about the program. They chose a modern play which called for no costumes, and many of the costumes for the other parts of the program were made by the girls themselves.

Geraldine Hegert, Janet Tarrson, Wantha Schrack, and Genevieve Jeffrey acted as the Prom Committee and here also the war idea was prominent. Instead of many decorations a flag was hung between the pillars, and even the programs were made by the class.

Sophomore College

The Sophomore College Class, consisting of fourteen members, held its monthly meeting October 26, following a supper in College Hall dining-room. The committee—Marjory Henry, Helen Moore, and Ruth Chiverton—served supper to Miss Hastings, class counselor,

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Miss Morrison, honorary counselor, and the girls of the class, who were grouped about the fireplace.

The motto "Esse non videri" was adopted by the class. Our colors are blue and gold; our flowers, Aaron Ward roses. Class pins have been selected.

The November supper was omitted in order to give the part of class dues ordinarily used for that purpose to the Friendship fund, to which the Sophomore College girls contributed seventy dollars and fifty cents.

Special Notice

The Juniors are hot on Nebby's trail—at least they think they are. Thanksgiving, en masse they gave spirited chase to our little prexy, who rushed over to West with an empty hatbox under her arm. Cheer up, Juniors! Remember "'tis better to have tried and lost than never to have tried at all."

Calendar

November 8.—First issue of the *Record*. Miss Morrison has a birthday cake (?).

November 9.—From Madge Dynes's Psychology notebook—"Michael Angelo must have made a thorough study of the life of Moses before he began to carve him."

November 10.—Open night. Miss Knappenberger and Miss Bräunlich have a party all their own at Faculty table.

November 11.—Vespers at four o'clock. Secretary Melvin, of the Y.M.C.A. at Camp Grant, speaks. Some of the girls attend a mass meeting down town in the evening.

November 12.—Ruth Chiverton screamed during study-hour this morning.

November 13.—Marion Richey gets to breakfast before the second bell. Julia Claussen recital.

November 14.—Miss Pollard tries her hand at selling books in College Hall.

November 15.—Mrs. Miles gives the first of her teas to the College girls. Mary Fish doesn't sleep in any of her classes today.

November 16.—Miss Hastings comes to breakfast this morning.

November 17.—Diversion Club picnic in the "Gym Amusement Park." Harper McKee arrives. Miss Hastings and Miss Heuse go to Chicago.

November 18.—Four men seen on the campus tonight after vespers; great excitement shown by all.

November 19.—Miss Sellers' table shows its fine taste in music by playing a few records on the melodiograph at dinner.

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November 20.—Miss Taylor in Physics class: "A man weighs 150 pounds and floats on water. What is his mass?"

Mary Erety: "What is his density?"

November 21.—The teachers discuss the high cost of living and the farmer's complaint of not making any money. Miss Schuster remarks: "I notice, though, that they all buy automobiles and then move to town and re-tire."

November 22.—Greased doorknobs in Hathaway.

November 23.—The class statistician reports that Mrs. McKee, in Bible class, says for the twenty-fifth time this semester, "It is a great thing to read a paragraph and know what is in it."

November 24.—The Benarios get some apples, each one of which is cut in two. After this incident it is generally believed that the I.W.W.'s are beginning their deadly work in Mount Carroll. Senior class play.

November 25.—Janet Tarrson and Libby Philippon give the first of a series of spreads. The Seniors valiantly protect Nebby from the Juniors.

November 26.—At the table—

Mary Erety: "My mother is a D.A.R."

Kitty Connor (doing her one better): "My father and mother both are."

Jimps and Esther will visit à la Romeo and Juliet henceforth.

November 27.—Parliamentary law practiced in English I class. The class has voted to abolish exams and to have Thanksgiving dinner on Friday, so that we will have more time to eat it.

November 28.—Miss Darrow and Miss Richey sew for Red Cross.

Miss Richey: "This will have to be sewed on the piano."

November 29.—Pat falls out of bed again. Thanksgiving day Miss Smith goes to Chicago to attend the National Council of Teachers of English.

November 30.—Sounds of a wild scramble and shuffling of slippers are heard. *Ruth Stellhorn* (knocks): "It doesn't sound like two people in this room."

Thekla Musser: "Oh, well, my roommate is a centipede."

December 1.—Almost all the rooms are "stacked" tonight. Thanksgiving spreads.

December 2.—Miss Sellers' busy day. The Juniors hang out their sign.

December 3.—Esther Williams serves at dinner.

December 4.—Gunny gets a birthday cake. The dining-room grows warm from her blushes.

December 5.—Change tables in the dining-room tonight.

December 7.—Two weeks from today we close for vacation. Alas! Then on January 9 business again as usual. Hurrah!

Alumnae Notes

The Los Angeles, Cal., branch of the Alumnae Association hold quarterly meetings. In June an all-day picnic was held at Long Beach. In October the Association was entertained at the home of Pauline Hayward Kreuter, '05, when the following officers for the year were elected: Izelle Emery Scott, '05, president; Frances Roberts, '11, secretary-treasurer. The *Record* acknowledges the receipt of an interesting picture of those present on this occasion. The next meeting has been set for the third Saturday in February, 1918.

On Saturday afternoon, November 10, the officers of the Alumnae Association were "At Home" to the local members, the faculty of the school, and the members of the college and academic senior classes. Eva Holman, '01, May Hammond, '03, and Florence Engelbrecht, '14, furnished the program.

Since the last issue of the *Record* the following new members have been added to the Association: Effie Shaw, Mount Carroll; Undine Shaw, Mount Carroll; Veta Thorpe Nebel, Champaign; Mary-Emily Merritt Stratton, Duluth, Minn.

The new fiscal year of the Association began July 1, 1917. Both active and associate members are reminded that the membership fee for the year is due. Unless the dues for 1917-18 have already been paid, will not each one regard this statement as a notification? Members could assist in conserving the funds of the Association if they would send in their dues to the treasurer, Florence T. McKee, without waiting for a personal notice.

The Scattered Family

Kathleen Muir, '12-'13, has moved to Roseau, Minn.

Hazel Rollins, '11, is a registered nurse in Los Angeles, Cal.

Wilma Prange, '16, is attending Columbia College of Expression.

Mildred Smith, '15-'16, is attending the University of Nebraska.

Norma Jones, '11, is teaching in the public school at Blackfoot, Idaho.

Evangeline Benney, '16-'17, of Beloit, has moved to Atascadero, Cal.

May Thistlewaite, '16-'17, is attending a business college at her home in Helena, Mont.

Dorothy Fargo, '12-'16, is teaching music and drawing in the public schools of Elkhorn, Wis.

Mrs. J. W. Cormany (Emma Pannebaker, '73) died at her home in Mount Carroll in October.

Mrs. Eliza Demmon, mother of Rose Demmon, '90, died at her home in Mount Carroll in October.

Mary D. Miles, '95, is the county chairman for Carroll County of the Women's Council of the National Defense.

Texa Jordan, '99, has recently been appointed supervisor of art in the public school of her home city, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Miss Eleanor Brown, formerly of the School faculty, sends greetings to all school friends from St. Mary's Hall, at Faribault, Minn.

Celestine Dahmen, '15, is studying at Columbia College of Expression, Chicago. Ruth Shannon, '14-'15, is also a student there.

Agnes Blackmore, '08-'10, under the name of Agnes Vernon, is with the Universal Film Company and plays in many of the *Blue Bird* pictures.

Miss Elizabeth Connor, instructor in English, '09-'10, continues her work as librarian at the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory at Pasadena, Cal.

Margaret Powell, '14-'15, of Marshall, Mich., is continuing her work in vocal music in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Frances Montgomery, '12-'13, graduated from Northwestern University last June and is now studying at a business college in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Alice Scypes, College '16, plans to spend the winter in Florida. Her address will be Daytona. She is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis.

Margaret Middlekauf, '13, who was graduated last June from the University of Wisconsin, entered the same institution in September for the study of law.

Judith Weill Lowenthal, '01, of Chicago, was re-elected vice-president of the Illinois State Suffrage Association at the recent annual convention of the organization.

Classmates and other friends of Doris Leach, '13, will sympathize with her in the loss of her mother, who died at the family home in Minneapolis in October.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Stone (Julia Cargill, College '16) visited at the School during October. They were on their wedding tour, traveling by automobile.

Charlotte Rice, College '14, has charge of the commercial department in the high school at Velva, N.D. Nellie Rice, '13-'14, is teaching in a rural school near Hanover, Ill.

Katharine Seymour, '16-'17, is playing on the Sophomore hockey team at the University of Chicago, and Katharine Marshall, '17, is on the Rockford College hockey team.

Katherine Marshall, '17, of Rockford College, visited the School over the week-end of December 2. She was accompanied by her roommate at Rockford, Dorathy Dietz, of Chicago.

Helen Grossman and Edna Shelby, '16-'17, are both attending the conservatory at James Millikin University. Helen won the voice scholarship at that University for the year.

Laura Eaton, College '11, and Hazel Mackey, College '15, are both teaching in the public schools of Mount Carroll. Miss Eaton has charge of the sixth grade, Miss Mackay of the second.

A pleasant letter of greeting was received from A. B. Chase, of Covert, Mich., who attended Commencement here in 1869, commenting on the many improvements as shown in the last issue of the catalogue.

Irene Jones, '06, has been teaching for four years in the public schools of Council Bluffs, Iowa. During the past summer she was engaged with the Department of Civilian Relief Work of the American Red Cross.

During the winter Mrs. R. C. Wells (Harriet Shirk, '90) has been offering a course in the history of the Reformation in connection with the work of the First Baptist Church at her home in Marshalltown, Iowa.

Irene Grant, in renewing her subscription to the *Record*, writes: "I have taken up the Industrial Arts and Recreation work in a Sanitarium for Tuberculosis here in Milwaukee. I enjoy my work very much."

F. Louise Miles Greison, College '13, is filling the position of her husband in the State Bank at Savanna, Ill. Mr. Greison was recently called to serve as drill master of the Aviation Corps at the University of Illinois.

Marjorie Wingert, College '12-'13, visited the School recently. Since leaving Frances Shimer Miss Wingert has graduated from Goucher College, in Baltimore, Md., and is now teaching in the high school at Fulton, Ill.

Mrs. L. G. Stratton (Mary-Emily Merritt, College '12) renews her subscription to the *Record* from her home in Duluth, Minn., where she is busy with church, Red Cross, and food conservation, in addition to a large class of violin pupils.

Theodore Miles, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Miles (Grace Coleman, '85), who is in the American ambulance service in France, has been awarded the French Cross of Honor for special bravery. The brother of Elizabeth Rubinkam, '14, has been similarly honored.

Hazel Leighty has moved to Des Moines, where she took a course in bacteriology and now has a position. She writes that her mother is busy with Red Cross work, and her brother is with the Base Hospital Unit made up from the University of Pittsburgh, and is now in France.

Mrs. Eva T. Rogers, of Oak Park, renews the *Record* subscriptions of Louellyn Rogers Shackelton, '03, Oak Park, Ill., and Ruth Hall Nelson, '08-'10, of Whitetail, Mont. Mrs. Rogers writes of their interest in the school news which the *Record* always gives. She sends greetings to all school friends.

Miss Wallen writes from Mount Holyoke College as follows: "Dr. Bräunlich sent me a copy of the October *Record* and in consequence I have a desire for more *Records* in the future. Therefore please send me, on the instalment plan, one dollar's worth of the *Frances Shimer Records*, and make me happy."

Bernice Procknow, College '16-'17, writes of her pleasure in the October *Record*, which she read "from cover to cover" because it was so interesting to hear all about the old girls—and the new ones—at Frances Shimer. Miss Procknow is a member of the Sophomore class in the University of Wisconsin.

Eva Roberts, College '11, writes of days filled with work in connection with the Juvenile Protective Association, Y.W.C.A., and the Red Cross, at her home in Los Angeles, Cal. During the summer she enjoyed a

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motor trip along the California coast, stopping en route to attend a missionary educational conference at Asilomar.

An attractive snapshot has been received at the School of the small son of Ivy Caldwell Goodman, '11, and the young daughter of Georgia Hall Trumbull, '10-'11, at play. Another interesting group includes James and Julia Kreuter, children of Pauline Hayward Kreuter, '05, and Vida Scott, daughter of Izelle Emery Scott, '05, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Gladys Thäis White, '13-'14, of Mineral Point, Wis., writes of her marriage to Oscar N. Nebel, in Trinity Church, Chicago, on August 23. Lieutenant Nebel received his commission at the close of the first Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan and is now stationed at Camp Custer, in Battle Creek, Mich. Their address for the present will be 651 Maple Street, Battle Creek.

Mr. E. D. Chassell, of Des Moines, resigned his position as state railroad commissioner of Iowa to become secretary and treasurer of the Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association of America with headquarters in Chicago. The organization has been a great factor in the agricultural development of the United States, and the new position gives to Mr. Chassell an opportunity for important public service. Mrs. Chassell was Mary Calkins, '84.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Cook of Boone, Iowa, announce the marriage of their daughter, Caryl, '11-'12, to Mr. Harry Lewis Macy. Mr. Macy, a graduate of the electrical engineering department of Iowa State College, is manager of the Macy Motor Company, of Knoxville, Iowa, where they will reside. Caryl is a Frances Shimer girl. In 1916-'17, during a visit to the School, she read with great charm Barrie's *Peter Pan*, in which she had achieved much success.

Miss Wallen, instructor in science in Frances Shimer, '15-'17, who was called to the department of chemistry in Mount Holyoke during the summer writes as follows: "You are making a very serious mistake when listing Constance Sargent under Knox College on page 21 of the October *Record*. I know, because I have her in chemistry right here at Mount Holyoke College." The *Record* is glad to correct its error. Miss Sargent was a member of the class of 1915 at Frances Shimer.

Marriages

Laura Adah Wolz, '11, to Ray Vance Stocks, on October 25, at Chicago, Ill.

Edyth Brownfield Vass, '14-'15, to Preston Davis Maxwell, on October 21, at Eldon, Iowa.

Mary Grace Baldwin, '14-'15, to J. Theron Farley, on November 7, at Lakeview, Kan. At home at 1005 Rhode Island Street, Lawrence, Kan.

Irma Willard Boston, instructor in domestic science, to John Brown Anderson, Jr., on September 18, at Yorkville, Ill. At home at 201 John Street, Joliet, Ill.

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Mr. and Mrs. William Acton Newcome announce the marriage of their daughter Beth Ann, '11, to Mr. William Lambert Christenson, on Saturday, October 6, at South Haven, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis Davies announce the marriage of their daughter Dorothy Lewis, '14, to Mr. Arthur Lyell Rushton, on Tuesday, October 16, at Utica, Neb. At home after December 1, Omaha, Neb.

Mrs. Elma D. Holbert announces the marriage of her daughter Charmion, '13, to Lieutenant Paul Hubert Coswell, United States Cavalry, on Wednesday, November 28, at Greely, Iowa. At home after December 15 at Fort D. A. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyo.

The following subscriptions to the *Record* have been received from June 18 to December 4: Mrs. C. R. Shackelton, Oak Park; Mrs. Gaston Boyd, Newton, Kan.; Mrs. Theodore Chave, Chicago; Miss Virginia Dox, Hartford, Conn.; Mary Fry, Cedarville; Hattie Cole, McDonald, Kan.; Mary Mackay, Mount Carroll; Vivian Virgin, Utica, Neb.; Harper McKee, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. John Hay, Mount Carroll; Mrs. J. D. Kirkland, Hamlin, Tex.; Hazel Lichty, Des Moines, Iowa; Frances Coleman, Mount Carroll; Lynne Waddell, Albright, W. Va.; Dorothy Wright Baird, Table Grove; Vivian Shumway, Arlington, Iowa; Mrs. J. H. Stone, Mason City; Irene Grant, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mabel Dougherty, Mount Carroll; Bessie Dodson Wolf, Plainfield; Laura Eaton, Mount Carroll; Hazel Cooper Lynch, Peoria; Julia Hickman, Benton; Julia Britton, Saugatuck, Mich.; Veta Thorpe Nebel, Champaign; Elda Platt, Waterloo, Iowa; Mrs. Bessie Beaver Schreiter, Savanna; Laurel Gillogly, Mount Carroll; Effie Shaw, Mount Carroll; Undine Shaw, Mount Carroll; Ruth Stephan, Hinckley, Minn.; Grace Libey, Rolling Prairie, Ind.; Dorothy Heineman, Valparaiso, Ind.; Eva Roberts, Los Angeles, Cal.; Bernice Procknow, Madison, Wis.; F. R. Coleman, Mount Carroll; Mr. McGurk, Quincy; Anna Hurley, Mount Carroll; Mr. I. M. Heckler, Lincoln, Neb.; Zonja Wallen, South Hadley, Mass.; Alice Scypes, Daytona, Fla.; Mrs. Marie Comstock Davis, Shelbyville, Ind.; Eleanor Brown, Faribault, Minn.; Mrs. Ruth Hall Nelson, Whitetail, Mont.; Mrs. Mrs. J. S. Strickler, Waynesboro, Pa.; Mrs. Ruth Deets Miller, Sunnyside, Wash.; Ruth Baume, Galena. In addition to these, there are thirty-two of the new pupils and teachers who have become subscribers.

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